

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review ;

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Review of New Books.

NAPOLEON'S NEW WORK.

Memoirs of the History of France during the Reign of Napoleon, dictated by the Emperor, at St. Helena, to the Generals who shared his Captivity; and published from the Original Manuscripts corrected by himself. Vol. II. Dictated to General Gourgaud, his Aid-de-Camp. 8vo. pp. 395. London, 1823.

Memoirs and Historical Miscellanies. Vol. II. Dictated to the Count de Montholon. pp. 471.

THE Napoleon Memoirs are becoming formidable; but such, indeed, was Napoleon, every year of whose life was an age of events—and of events such as many ages have never known. His life embraces not only the political history of Europe during the period, but of the world; for there was scarcely any part of it that was not, in some degree, influenced or affected by his conduct, and that not merely during his life, but in succeeding ages; for, with Napoleon, both his good and evil deeds live after him,—neither are buried with his bones.

The two volumes now published are of the same character as their predecessors; they are equally interesting to the general reader, and valuable as materials for history. The Memoirs dictated to General Gourgaud contain an account of the negotiations and campaigns of 1800 and 1801; a political dissertation on the laws of nations; an account of the battle of the Nile, with a map; notes on Malta and Alexandria; an historical and topographical account of Egypt, its religion, customs, sciences, and arts; the battles of the Pyramids and Aboukir; an appendix of documents, principally letters from Napoleon relating to the campaign in Egypt; and lastly, some protests and explanations respecting certain statements in the preceding volumes. These protests consist of a letter from Marshal Jourdan, denying that he was one of the plotters of the Société du Manège, or that he offered a military dictatorship to Napoleon. Another protest or

letter is from General de Gersdorff vindicating the character of the Saxon army at the battle of Wagram. It is highly honourable to the editors of these works, that they afford individuals the means of explaining or correcting statements by which they conceive themselves affected.

The volume of 'Historical Miscellanies' contains a continuation of Napoleon's notes on the work entitled, 'Considerations on the Art of War;' forty-four notes on the 'Manuscript transmitted from St. Helena;' notes on 'Chaboulon's Memoirs of the Private Life, Return, and Reign of Napoleon in 1815;' and an appendix of state papers. These notes are valuable as giving numerous anecdotes of the life of Napoleon, as well as of the events in which he was engaged, with some political speculations as to the future. As the character and nature of the work has now been sufficiently explained, we shall proceed to select a few passages from it. On the subject of Turkey, Napoleon, after remarking that 'should a victorious army ever enter London, the world would be astonished at the trifling resistance which would be offered by the English,'—a dream that will give Englishmen no uneasiness,—he says

'A modern Turkish army is a thing of very little importance: the Ottomans will not be able to maintain their ground, either in Asia Minor, Syria, or Egypt, when once the Russians shall, in addition to the Crimea, the Phasis, and the shores of the Caspian Sea, become possessed of Constantinople. Neither the patriotism of the people, nor the policy of the courts of Europe prevented the partition of Poland, or the spoliation of several nations; nor will they prevent the fall of the Ottoman empire. It was contrary to her inclination that Maria Theresa entered into the conspiracy against Poland, a nation placed at the entrance of Europe to defend it from the irruptions of the northern nations. The disadvantages attending the aggrandisement of Russia were feared at Vienna; but great satisfaction was nevertheless felt at the acquisition of several millions of souls, and the influx of many millions of money into the treasury. The House of Austria would, in the same manner, feel averse, at the present day, to the partition of Turkey, but would nevertheless consent to it; Austria would be much grati-

fied at the increase of her vast dominions, by the addition of Servia, Bosnia, and the ancient Illyrian Provinces, of which Vienna was formerly the capital. What will England and France do? One of them will take Egypt—a poor compensation! A statesman of the first order used to say, "Whenever I hear of fleets sailing under the Greek cross, casting anchor under the walls of the seraglio, I seem to hear a cry prophetic of the fall of the empire of the Crescent."

Napoleon gives a rapid but an interesting view of the conquests of Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar, whose military talents he justly appreciates. He next notices the military exploits of Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Prince Eugene, Frederick the Great, and then comes to his own campaigns which he dismisses very briefly, though they were fourteen in number: namely, two in Italy, five in Germany, two in Africa and Asia, two in Poland and Russia, one in Spain, and two in France. Speaking of the campaign in Egypt, he says:

'In 1798, he commenced his operations in the east by the taking of Alexandria, fortified that great city, and made it the centre of his magazines and organization. When he marched on Cairo, he caused a fort to be established at Rehmaniah, on the Nile, twenty leagues from Alexandria, and had the citadel and several forts at Cairo put in a state of defence. He caused one to be erected thirty leagues from that capital, at Salahia, at the entrance of the Desert, on the road to Gaza. The army, encamped at this village, was fifteen days' march from Alexandria; it had three fortified points of appui on this line of operations.

'During the campaign of 1799, he crossed a space of eighty leagues in the Desert, laid siege to Saint-Jean d'Acre, and pushed his corps of observation to the Jordan, two hundred and fifty leagues from Alexandria, his grand dépôt. He had caused a fort to be built at Quatieh, in the Desert, twenty leagues from Salahia; another at El-Arich, thirty leagues from Quatieh; another at Gaza, thirty leagues from Salahia. On this line of operations of two hundred and fifty leagues, he had eight places sufficiently strong to resist the enemies he had to apprehend; and, in fact, in these four campaigns, he never had a convoy or a courier intercepted. In 1796, a few stragglers were massacred in the vicinity of Tortona; in Egypt, a few djerms were stopped on the

Nile, between Rosetta and Cairo; but this was in the first commencement of operations. The dromedary regiments, which he had organized in Egypt, were so completely accustomed to the Desert, that they always kept the communications open between Cairo and Saint-Jean d'Acre, as well as in Upper and Lower Egypt. With an army of twenty-five thousand men, he then occupied Egypt, Palestine, and Galilee; which was a space of nearly thirty thousand square leagues, inclosed in a triangle. It was three hundred leagues from his head-quarters before Saint-Jean d'Acre to Desaix's head-quarters in Upper Egypt.

In a subsequent part of the work, speaking of the objects of this campaign, he says:—

‘There were three objects in this expedition to Egypt:—1st, to establish a French colony on the Nile, which would prosper without slaves, and serve France instead of the republic of Saint-Domingo, and of all the sugar islands. 2ndly, To open a market for our manufactures in Africa, Arabia, and Syria, and to supply our commerce with all the productions of those vast countries. 3rdly, Setting out from Egypt, as from a place of arms, to lead an army of 60,000 men to the Indus; to excite the Mahrattas and oppressed people of those extensive regions to insurrection: 60,000 men, half Europeans, and half recruits from the burning climates of the equator and tropics, carried by 10,000 horses and 50,000 camels, having with them provisions for fifty or sixty days, water for five or six days, and a train of artillery of a hundred and fifty field-pieces, with double supplies of ammunition, would have reached the Indus in four months. Since the invention of shipping, the ocean has ceased to be an obstacle; and the Desert is no longer an impediment to an army possessed of camels and dromedaries in abundance.’

Napoleon says it is an error to suppose that the generals of antiquity did not pay great attention to their magazines; he vindicates his own conscriptions as sanctioned by the senate, but says that they were never so numerous as has been represented;—

‘The maximum of the number of troops which Napoleon ever had on foot is 600,000 men. The population of his empire was above forty millions of souls, double the population of France under Louis XIV., who long kept 400,000 soldiers in pay? It would be an extraordinary mistake to imagine that all the conscriptions decreed were actually levied: these decrees were stratagems of war employed to deceive foreigners; they were used as a source of power, and it was the constant adherence to this system which always made people think the French armies more numerous than they actually were.

‘In Egypt, it was agreed amongst all the commanders of corps, to add a third above the actual quantity of provisions, arms, clothing, and other articles distributed, in

the orders of the day. Hence the author of the Military Summary of the campaign of 1799, is surprised, that, according to the orders of the day issued in that army, it amounted to 40,000 men, whilst all the other authentic information he could procure went to prove that its effective force was considerably below that number. In the reports of the campaigns of Italy in 1796, 1797, and subsequent years, the same means were used for conveying exaggerated ideas of the strength of the French.’

Bonaparte, in his account of the war in Spain, admits that the French were ‘defeated through the accidents of war, manœuvres and strategical errors at Talavera, Salamanca, and Vittoria.’ Had he remained in Spain, he says, he would have taken Cadiz and Lisbon, united all parties, and pacified the country:

‘No one can deny, that if the court of Austria, instead of declaring war, had allowed Napoleon to remain four months longer in Spain, all would have been over. The presence of a general is indispensable; he is the head, the whole of an army. It was not the Roman army that subdued Gaul, but Cæsar himself: nor was it the Carthaginian army that made the republic tremble at the gates of Rome, but Hannibal himself; neither was it the Macedonian army which reached the Indus, but Alexander; it was not the French army which carried the war to the Weser and the Inn, but Turenne; nor was it the Prussian army which, for seven years, defended Prussia against the three greatest powers of Europe, it was Frederick the Great.’

Of the Russian campaign, he says, the history will never be known, because the Russians either do not write at all, or write without the least truth, and the French are seized with ‘a strange mania for dishonouring and decrying their own glory.’ This is a novel charge against the French certainly; but to proceed:

‘The campaign of Russia was the most glorious, the most difficult, and most honourable to the Gauls, of all that are mentioned in ancient and modern history. The Russians are very brave troops; their whole army was in junction: at the battle of the Moskwa, they had 170,000 men, including the Moscow troops. Kutusow had taken up a fine position, and occupied it judiciously. All advantages were on his side; the superiority in infantry, cavalry, and artillery, an excellent position, and a great number of redoubts; but he was vanquished. Intrepid heroes, Murat, Ney, Poniatowski, it is to you that the glory of the victory is due! What great, what brilliant actions might history collect from these events! She might tell how those dauntless cuirassiers forced the redoubts, and sabred the cannoneers at their guns; she might relate the heroic devotion of Monthron and Caulincourt, who met their death in the midst of glory: she might say what our exposed artillerymen performed in the open

field against more numerous batteries covered by good epaulments; and how the intrepid infantry, at the most critical moment, instead of needing encouragement from their general, exclaimed:—“Be not alarmed; your soldiers have sworn to conquer this day, and they will conquer!” Will some few particles of so much glory reach posterity? or will falsehood, calumny, and crime, prevail?’

Of the immense scale on which some of Napoleon's battles were conducted, we may judge from the fact that at the battle of Smolensko above 60,000 cannon shot were fired, and double that quantity at the battle of the Moskwa. Napoleon denies that he ever gave the decoration of the legion of honour to singers and actors, as some of his biographers state. He says—

‘No comedian ever received the decoration of the Legion of Honour. Are Gretry, Paësiello, Mehul, and Lesueur, our most celebrated composers, to be compared to singers? Must the proscription be extended to David, Gros, Vernet, Renard, and Robert Lefebvre, our most eminent painters; and even to Lagrange, La Place, Berthollet, Monge, Vauquelin, Chaptal, Guyton de Morveau, Jouy, Baour Lormian, Fontanes, Sismondi, and Guinguenê? The French soldier must entertain sentiments highly unworthy of him before a decoration worn by such men can, on that account, lose any part of its value in his eyes. If the Legion of Honour were not the recompense of civil as well as military services, it would cease to be the Legion of Honour. It would be a strange piece of presumption indeed, in the military, to pretend that honours should be paid to them only. Soldiers who knew not how to read or write, were proud of bearing, in recompense for the blood they had shed, the same decoration as was given to distinguished talents in civil life; and, on the other hand, the latter attached a greater value to this reward of their labours, because it was the decoration of the brave.’

‘The Legion of Honour was the property of every one who was an honour to his country, stood at the head of his profession, and contributed to the national prosperity and glory. Some officers were dissatisfied, because the decoration of the Legion of Honour was alike for officers and soldiers. But if ever it cease to be the recompense of the lowest class of the military, and a medal be instituted, through aristocratical feelings, to reward the soldier, or if ever the civil order be deprived of it, it will be the Legion of Honour no longer.’

In vindication of his moral character he says—

‘Napoleon never committed crimes. What crime could have been more advantageous to him than the murder of the Count de Lille and the Count d'Artois. It was proposed to him several times; for instance, by *** and **. It would not have cost two millions. He rejected it with contempt and indignation. No attempt was ever

made, under his reign, against the lives of these two princes.

'When the Spaniards were in arms in the name of Ferdinand, that prince and his brother, Don Carlos, the only heirs to the throne of Spain, were at Valençay, at the extremity of Berry; their death would have settled the affairs of Spain; it would have been useful, nay, it was necessary. Napoleon was advised to it by * * * but it was unjust and criminal. Did Ferdinand and Don Carlos die in France?

'Ten other instances might be quoted: but these two are sufficient, because they are the most striking. Napoleon's hands, accustomed to gain victories by the sword, were never stained with guilt, even under the empty pretext of the public good; a dreadful principle, which has, in all ages, been the maxim of weak governments; but which the religion, honour, and civilization of Europe disclaim.'

We next have some interesting particulars respecting Ferdinand VII., who, by the bye, appears to be as much a prisoner now as he was at Valençay.

'Ferdinand VII. resided at Valençay, in the château of Prince Talleyrand, one of the finest situations in France, in the midst of an extensive forest; his brother and uncle were with him; there was no guard set over him; he had all his officers and servants, and received what visits he pleased; he was at liberty to make excursions of several leagues, either for the purpose of hunting, or in his carriage. Besides the 72,000 francs which the French treasury annually paid as the rent of Valençay, Ferdinand received for his maintenance 1,500,000 francs per annum. He wrote every month to Napoleon, who answered his letters. On the 15th of August, and on the empress's birthday, he never failed to illuminate the château and park of Valençay, and to distribute alms; he several times asked Napoleon's leave to go to Paris, which was successively adjourned; he solicited him to adopt him as his son, and to marry him to a French princess. He had the enjoyment of a very fine library, often received visits from the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and from the merchants of Paris, who were eager to carry novelties to him. He long had a theatre, and a company of comedians; but at length his confessors inspired him with scruples, and he dismissed the troop.

'King Charles IV. his father, and the queen his mother, were, for a considerable time, at the palace of Compiègne; thence they went to Marseilles, and afterwards to Rome, where they resided in the palace of the Princess Borghese. They enjoyed an allowance of three millions. The Queen of Etruria, Maria Louisa, sister to Ferdinand, was one of those who had the greatest share in the Spanish revolution; her correspondence with Murat, then commanding in Spain, is very curious. She was of her mother's party, and took a very active part in the events of Madrid. She resided a long time at Nice, where she opened a secret correspondence with the English command-

ers in the Mediterranean. Napoleon, being informed that she was anxious to leave France, caused it to be signified to her, that he should be very glad if she would retire to England, Sicily, or any other country in Europe. In fact, this princess was of no importance, and her departure would have saved the treasury 500,000 francs.

'Ferdinand always shewed the greatest aversion to the Cortes. The Spaniards will long regret the constitution of Bayonne. Had that constitution triumphed, they would not now be under an ecclesiastical jurisdiction in secular matters; they would be subject to no feudal services, no interior tolls. Their national domains would not continue uncultivated, and useless to the government and the nation. They would have a secular clergy; a nobility without feudal privileges, or exemption from taxes and public burthens; and they would now be quite another people.

'Ferdinand often said he would prefer remaining at Valençay, to reigning in Spain with the Cortes; nevertheless, when Napoleon, in 1813, proposed to him to re-ascend his throne, he did not hesitate.'

(To be continued.)

Rogvald; an Epic Poem, in Twelve Books. By J. F. Pennie, Author of the 'Royal Minstrel,' an Epic Poem, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 368. London, 1823.

EPIC Poems, we suspect, have had their day, not that we mean to deny that a Homer, a Virgil, or a Milton, would at any time render them popular, though we confess, we believe they would not have gained that celebrity in the nineteenth century, which they obtained in the respective ages in which they lived. It would be considered treason not to admire Milton, and evidence of barbarous ignorance not to have read his *Paradise Lost*; and yet how few persons there are who have read it twice attentively, or recollect any thing more of it, than a few popular passages, which by a sort of imperceptible right, have become orthodox quotations.

It is to this change in public opinion, perhaps alone, that we are to attribute the singular circumstance of Mr. Pennie's having written two epic poems, both of which are comparatively little known, although in times more favourable to such compositions, either of them would have gained him no ordinary reputation.

Mr. Pennie's first epic poem was entitled 'The Royal Minstrel,' and it was certainly either a proof of inordinate presumption, or of a just confidence in his powers, when he dared to follow Milton on a sacred subject; yet he did so, and succeeded; to be sure, the events of David's life afforded

ample scope for an epic, of which, he, the Royal Minstrel, should be the hero. In this poem, Mr. Pennie showed his capacity for describing the works of nature, and the fertility of his imagination in scenes of supernatural agency. It is the more creditable to Mr. Pennie, that he has cultivated his poetical genius amidst the frowns of fortune, 'the proud man's contumely,' and the world's neglect. We happen to know something of the personal history of this gentleman, and although we should be the last to notice the situation or private character of an author, to his disadvantage, yet we do not think ourselves under a similar restraint, when the circumstances are in his favour.

Born in an obscure village in Dorsetshire, he was indebted for the first rudiments of his education to an affectionate mother. Fond of reading, from the moment he was capable of it, at six years of age he used to secrete Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* (which, with *Robinson Crusoe*, has often been the germ of poetic talent) under his pillow, that he might devour its contents early in the morning, while the rest of the family were in their slumbers. From the companion of his youth, more happily situated, as to the means of acquiring learning, young Pennie first heard the beauties of Shakespeare, Milton, Thompson, and Pope. Then it was that the first dawn of poetic inspiration came upon him; a new world of beauty, of which, until then, he had never had a glimpse, burst upon his sight, a paradise was, as it were, by enchantment created around him, where the groves were filled with imperishable flowers, and with music that breathed eternal harmony. The friend who had thus created for him a new world, who had been the playmate of his childhood, the companion of his youth, and his instructor, became affluent, and then spurned his less fortunate but more amiable associate. This, to a person of Mr. Pennie's sensibility, was a painful blow, but it did not divert him from his studies, and one of his first literary efforts was in the highest department of literature, a tragedy, founded on the same story on which Shakespeare has written his 'Winter's Tale.' Mr. Pennie's tragedy was offered to a gentleman connected with one of the great theatres, who commended it as a fine production for a young poet, but not suited for the stage. Encouraged by false hopes, he came to London, when the gentleman who had led him to expect support in town, treated him with coolness, and insulted

him with recommending that he should wear a livery. Mr. Pennie, however, returned to his friends, and wrote a second play. He next was engaged as a clerk to a solicitor at Bristol, where he did not remain long; but, amidst all the disappointments which he met with, he never ceased to court the muses, though one of his plays was lost by the person to whom it was confided, and he was treated with a neglect which could scarcely have happened, except in an obscure village in the country. His third literary effort was a poem on Bonaparte, and his fourth, (we believe) was the epic poem of 'The Royal Minstrel,' to which we have already alluded.

Mr. Pennie's second epic, (one epic is a novelty in the present age,) is not like his former one, founded on Holy Writ; the scene is laid in England, during the period of the heptarchy. The author, however, gives the reins to his imagination, unfettered by the limits of historical truth, we had almost said of probability; but he who would strictly confine an epic poem to either, would place an almost insuperable bar to its success. We have said too much of Mr. Pennie to enter into an elaborate description or examination of his poem, which, however, we may observe, forms a well told narrative, interspersed with some charming episodes, and displaying an originality of thought, a fertility of imagination, a beauty of versification, and a poetic grandeur which are very rarely to be met with, even in poems of much less magnitude, but which are here sustained through twelve cantos. The interest of the poem never flags for a moment, and although it abounds in the most powerful descriptions, and scenes of the deepest pathos, yet there are no sudden transitions, no forced similes, or unnatural images, the author holding the even tenor of his way throughout the whole of his poem; as a specimen of the vigour and animation which breathes through many parts of it, we select the description of a battle:—

'O, on what clouds, now rolled in dust and gore,
That sun arose, who, proud in vigorous might
And boastful valour, saw his evening ray
Go down in glory!—They for ever sunk
Shall shine no more amid the ranks of war!
That day-star on th' ensanguined field arose,
And reached his setting in the golden west,
Ere the fierce fight was ended!—

See, how like
Two mighty rivers that, united, rush
With boisterous swell into the ocean-tide,
And buffet with the shoreward-coming surge,
Brave Hildaberg and Prince Ceolred new
Their bloody way into the enemy's ranks,

Still battling side by side—With what a grace
And martial skill she backs her barbed steed,
That snorting mounts the bleeding pile and dips
His fetlocks deep in gore!—How shines her lance

Above the crimson plumage of her helm,
Like the bright eve-star o'er the ruddy tints
Of autumn's western sky, its silvery beams
Outshooting beauteously—Around her swell
The rush and press of conflict, while her steed
Tramples the dead and dying 'neath his feet,
And bears her safely through a thousand deaths!
So the proud war-ship, with earth's thunder
fraught,

Her white sails set, and painted streamers gay
Floating upon the false-embracing winds,
Rides gallantly on the uplifting surge,
Nor heeds the storms that wreck a thousand
skiffs,

And in the sun-gleam shines far off at sea
A moving citadel, that towers amid
The ocean-clouds, where the pure azure stoops
To meet the soft kiss of the nether sky.

'Now Osmond and Ceolred wrathful met,
A second time, in conflict terrible!
On either side rolled back the battle tide,
And left an ample uncontended space
For such dread feats of arms—'en Hildaberg
Wheel'd to the right her war-horse, and sought
out

A foe less potent, scorning to bereave
Her lord of the least share of glory won
By such a conquest—So, at early dawn,
Two vultures part, their quarry each to seek,
And to their craving young at eve return,
Loaded with bleeding spoil.—

As meet the bull,
Wild on his mountains, and the spotted pard,
With hunger fierce, so rushed the combatants
Against each other! as the lightning bolt,
Winged with red fire, strikes on the doddered
oak,

That stood the towering giant of the woods,
Cleaving its scattered limbs, so Osmond's spear
Ceolred's seven-times folded buckler pierced,
Yet wounded not the chief—As in the storm
The lofty swell of the fierce head-sea heaves
The ancient watch-tower from its solid base,
And in the boiling billows buries deep
The shattered ruins, so Ceolred's lance
His adversary's ringing helmet struck
And broke in sparkling shivers, while the shock
Osmond's dark war-steed tumbled to the ground!
Scorning advantage, from his barb, down leaped
Ceolred, and his glittering glave unsheathed.
Then rang the broadswords on the ample
shields!

Then broke, like earthward gliding stars of fire,
Keen sparkles from the edge of clashing steel!
Long o'er the champions victory held her wreath,
Doubtful upon whose honoured brows to place
The garland of renown—Hard was the fight,
And deep the gashes made through plaited brass,
And corslet bright of gold—torrents of blood
Gushed down the battle-garments of both
chiefs,

Who fought, as if resolved never to yield
While their sluiced veins retained a lingering
drop!

But Osmond's magic brand, with death-spells
graved

And runic words of fate, the iron arm
Of dark Ceolred from his body hewed!

Down by his blood-stained side the quivering
limb

Hung useless, and down fell the ringing shield,
While fenceless stood the chief!—So naked
stands

The mountain cedar, when the cloud-bolt lops

Its shivered branches, and their foliage green
With the blue flame-blast scorches like a scroll!
A cry of anguish, rage, and fierce despair,
Ceolred uttered, then on his proud foe
In desperate madness rushed, and clove the
crest

Of Osmond's helm, who with the mighty blow
Fell on his knee to earth, but rose again
With double fury, and his brand of fate,
With one dread plunge, through the unguarded
side

Of Prince Ceolred drove up to the hilt!
Who groaning fell, while forth the reeking
blade

Drew Osmond, and fresh victims sought to
swell

The triumph of his might!

The soliloquy of Hildaberg on the
death of her husband, will remind the
reader of a soliloquy in one of the most
popular tragedies of our immortal bard,
an association, which, in most cases,
would be excessively hazardous; yet it
will be found that Mr. Pennie is neither
a servile imitator nor an ignoble follower
of the poet of all time:—

'And art
Thou gone, my princely hero?—Then no more
Shall Hildaberg shine in the ranks of death,
Nor spur her charger to the maddening fray;
Since in her valour thou again on earth
Shalt never glory!—Farewell, plumed war,
With all thy pomp of horrors! I no more
Will mix with men of strife! no more, my sword,
Shalt thou wax hot with slaughter, nor again
Shine in the field illustrious—Helm and shield,
Wont to be ruddy with the blood of foes,
Beside my ashes in the grass-clad tomb
Your brightness shall the rust of years devour!
No more the trumpet measure shall stir up
My spirit to the fight, since he is fallen
For whom I sought renown—For the last time
These eyes now look upon the gallant deeds
Of fighting men, in deadly struggle met,
Kingdoms to win; for the last time behold
The pomp of battle, shining in the light
Of evening's parting beam!—For the last time
I hear the rumbling of the chariot-wheels,
The rush of steeds, the din of clashing shields,
The groans of dying men, the yell of fear,
The roar of triumph and the trump's loud peal,
Cheering the soldier's spirit—Ring, O trump,
Thy funeral wail, Ceolred is no more!—
But he died nobly, as a chief should die—
Whole hecatombs fall round to swell his pyre;
His death-bed is the field where nations strive
For conquest and high fame, the deafening
shouts

His dirge-notes are of fierce-contending hosts,
While o'er his bier, earth, heaven, and gods
conspire

To shed a full-tide glory!—Farewell all!—
And farewell thou, my battle-charger too!
Who hast so oft in safety borne me through
The iron shower of arrows and of spears,
And proudly witnessed in the shock of shields
The triumphs of thy mistress—Gallant steed,
Thy ashes on the pyre with mine shall mix,
For I will not my noble lord survive!
As by his side on earth I with him fought,
So will I in great Odin's paradise
Feast with him at the banquet of the brave,
And justly claim my seat among the gods
And heroes of renown—Yes, I will mount
The blazing pile, and lay me by thy side,
My valiant lord, amid the scorching flames
As in a bed of flowers, so shall the good

Of whirlwinds send the bright Valkyriur down
To bear my spirit to the realms of bliss.'

The frequent allusions made in this poem to Pagan and Scandinavian rites and superstitions, prove that Mr. Pennie is deeply read on the subject, and that he has brought something more than poetic genius into action in writing his sublime epic of Rogvald.

Points of Humour; Illustrated by the Designs of George Cruikshank. 8vo. London, 1823.

WELL aware that no criticism can convey a just idea of the graphic humour of George Cruikshank, on any occasion, much less on the work before us, which is one of his happiest efforts, we feel somewhat at a loss how to give our readers a sufficiently explicit and intelligible notice of the 'Points of Humour.' They are said to be ten in number, and the plates and descriptions are confined to ten. 'The Points of Humour' are, however, much more numerous; indeed, if the Hibernianism could be pardoned, we should say that every line of the graver was a point—aye, and a point of humour, too. The volume consists of ten highly comic incidents, which are admirably selected, and illustrated by the Hogarthian designs of Cruikshank.

The author, in his preface, well observes, that, although there is no paucity of subjects of wit and humour, yet few are adapted for pictorial representation, as 'no artist can embody a point of wit, and the humour of many of the most laughable stories would vanish at the touch of the pencil of the most ingenious designer in the world. Those ludicrous subjects only which are rich in the humour of *situation*, are calculated for graphic illustration.' Of the 'Points,' some are taken from that admirable piece of humour, 'Burn's Jolly Beggars,' a poem which, in consequence of fastidiousness on the part of his editor and biographer, is less known than any of his other works, though one of his best comic touches; the others are illustrative of various anecdotes more or less known, which are generally well told; such as the 'Point of Honour,' in which an American captain, suspected of wanting courage, lights a hand-granade, and calmly waits its explosion; 'The Short Courtship,' which we shall give; 'Yes or No'—the well-known anecdote of Frederick the Great and his nephew, about the shuttlecock; 'Exchange no Robbery,' which we must leave the author and the artist to describe, &c. &c. Each of these tales furnishes a good

subject for the genius of Mr. Cruikshank, of which he has happily availed himself. As a specimen of the manner in which the stories are told, we select the following:—

'*The Short Courtship.*—As a gentleman was passing along one of the more retired streets of London, late in the evening, he stumbled over the body of an old man, whom, on examination, he found in a state of excessive inebriation, and who had in consequence tumbled down and rolled into the kennel. He had not gone many yards farther when he found an old woman very nearly in the same circumstances. It immediately struck Mr. L. that this was some poor old couple, who, overcome with the fatigues of the day, had indulged too freely in some restorative beverage, whether Hodge's or Deady's the historian does not say. Full of this idea, and animated by his own charitable disposition, Mr. L. soon made arrangements for the reception of the poor couple in a neighbouring public-house, where the landlord promised that the senseless pair should be undressed and placed in a warm and comfortable bed. To bed they were put. Mr. L. left them lying side by side, snoring in concert, and likely to pass together a more harmonious night than perhaps would have been the case, had they possessed the full enjoyment of their senses. L. journeyed homewards, filled with the satisfaction arising from the performance of a kind deed, and never reflected that there was a possibility of his having joined a pair whom the laws of God had not made one. The fact was, that the old man and the old woman were perfect strangers to each other, and their being found in a similar situation was purely accidental. In London, however extraordinary it may appear, many poor folks get drunk at night, especially Saturday night, and what is not less wonderful, they are in this state often unable to preserve their balance—the laws of gravity exert their influence, and the patient rolls into the kennel. Soundly—soundly did this late united pair sleep and snore till morning,—when the light broke in upon them and disclosed the secret.—Imagine the consternation of the old lady when the fumes of intoxication were dissipated, and she opened her eyes upon her snoring partner—where she was or how she had been put there she knew not. It was clear she was in bed with a man, and that was an event which had never happened to her before,—so she set up a scream, and roused the old gentleman, whose astonishment was not a jot less than the lady's. She sat up on end in bed staring at him, he moved himself into a similar situation and riveted his eyes upon her, and so they remained for a few instants both full of perfect wonderment;—at last it struck the poor lady that this was some monster of a man who had succeeded in some horrible design upon her honour; the idea in a moment gave her the look and manner of a fury, she flung out of bed and roared aloud to the admiration of all the inmates of the house, who, attracted by her first scream,

were already peeping in at the door of the room,—“make me an honest woman, thou wretch!” she cried—“Villain that you are,—make an honest woman of me, or I'll be the death of thee;”—down she sat upon the bed-stocks, and as she attempted to dress herself, she interlarded her occupation with calling for vengeance upon her horrible seducer, who sat trembling at the other side of the bed, vainly attempting, in his fright, to insinuate his legs into his old tattered breeches. The landlord at last interfered with the authority of his station, and, on inquiry, found that no breach had been made which could not be easily repaired. The old gentleman was asked if he had any objection to take his fair bed-fellow for a help-mate during the remainder of his life; he stammered out his acquiescence as well as he could, and the enraged virgin consented to smooth down her anger on satisfaction being made to her injured honour. The bargain was soon struck, the happy pair were bundled off to church, amidst the laughing shouts of the mob, where a parson waited to make good the match too precipitately formed by our charitable friend.'

Ghost Stories; collected with a particular View to counteract the vulgar Belief in Ghosts and Apparitions, and to promote a rational Estimate of the Nature of Phenomena, commonly considered as supernatural. Illustrated with six coloured Engravings. 12mo. pp. 292. London, 1823.

WHAT 'an unconscionable dog' must the editor of the work now before us be to expect us 'to give up the ghost' at his bidding; to abandon those veritable traditions which our forefathers (or foremothers rather) have handed down, unimpaired, for ages, and with which the mind is stored in its infancy, and the impressions of which are often indelible. How can he expect that we should relinquish our faith in ghosts, who have been induced to believe that—

'A spirit's force is wonderful;
At whose approach, when starting from his
dungeon,
The earth will shake and the old ocean groan;
Rocks are removed and trees are thundered
down,
And walls of brass and gates of adamant,
Are passable as air and fleet like winds.'

On one ground, indeed, we might consent to re-examine our creed, and to question its general accuracy,—the proof that those phenomena, which at first are considered as supernatural, are either the result of imposture or of imagination. That such are the true sources of nine-tenths of the ghost stories, we will readily believe; and yet it would be, perhaps, a bold assertion to maintain there never were such things as ghosts, since they are countenanced by some passages of Holy Writ. One

thing, however, is certain, that it is fear, superstition, and a heated imagination, that create spectres and all their train; and we perfectly agree with the author of this neat little volume, that 'he whose head is filled with superstitious notions—and nurses but too often introduce an abundant store of them into the infant mind—need but, on retiring to rest, hang a white great coat on a peg, perch his hat on the top, and set his boots underneath, and when he wakes in the night, he will be sure to perceive, by the faint light of the moon, the very figure, either of a friend whom he has recently lost, or of the late occupant of his chamber; nay, he will not only see him, but, on listening, he will even hear deep sighs burst from his labouring bosom.'

The object of the author is, therefore, a laudable one,—it is an attempt 'to counteract the belief in ghosts and spectres, and to prevent the pernicious consequences arising from the fear of them, by the exposure of the perfectly natural causes and means to which appearances deemed supernatural owe their origin.' In order to do this, the author has given eighteen of the most curious, but least-known ghost stories on record, the whole of which he has been enabled to explain away by natural causes. This is certainly doing much, as it disabuses the youthful mind, and frees it from that involuntary fear and slavish superstition which are inseparable from the belief in ghosts, a belief which, when tampered with, has often been productive of the most fatal consequences: of this our author gives a melancholy instance; but we prefer quoting one of his ghost stories—observing, that we have been guided in the selection by its comparative brevity.

'A LONDON GHOST.'

'In the year 1704, a gentleman, to all appearance, of large fortune, took furnished lodgings in a house in Soho Square. After he had resided there some weeks with his establishment, he lost his brother, who had lived at Hampstead, and who, on his death-bed, particularly desired to be interred in the family-vault at Westminster Abbey. The gentleman requested his landlord to permit him to bring the corpse of his brother to his lodgings, and to make arrangements there for the funeral. The landlord, without hesitation, signified his compliance.

'The body, dressed in a white shroud, was accordingly brought in a very handsome coffin, and placed in the great dining-room. The funeral was to take place the next day, and the lodger and his servants went out to make the necessary preparations for the solemnity. He staid out late; but this was no uncommon thing. The

landlord and his family, conceiving that they had no occasion to wait for him, retired to bed as usual about twelve o'clock. One maid-servant was left up to let him in, and to boil some water, which he had desired might be ready for making tea on his return. The girl was accordingly sitting all alone in the kitchen, when a tall, spectre-looking figure entered, and clapped itself down in a chair opposite to her.

'The maid was by no means one of the most timid of her sex; but she was terrified beyond expression, lonely as she was, at this unexpected apparition. Uttering a loud scream, she flew out like an arrow at a side door, and hurried to the chamber of her master and mistress. Scarcely had she awakened them, and communicated to the whole family some portion of the fright with which she was herself overwhelmed, when the spectre, enveloped in a shroud, and with a face of death-like paleness, made its appearance, and sat down in a chair in the bed-room, without their having observed how it entered. The worst of all was, that this chair stood by the door of the bed-chamber, so that not a creature could get away without passing close to the apparition, which rolled its glaring eyes so frightfully, and so hideously distorted its features, that they could not bear to look at it. The master and mistress crept under the bed-clothes, covered with profuse perspiration, while the maid-servant sunk nearly insensible by the side of the bed.

'At the same time the whole house seemed to be in an uproar; for though they had covered themselves over head and ears, they could still hear the incessant noise and clatter, which served to increase their terror.

'At length all became perfectly still in the house. The landlord ventured to raise his head, and to steal a glance at the chair by the door; but, behold, the ghost was gone! Sober reason began to resume its power. The poor girl was brought to herself after a good deal of shaking. In a short time, they plucked up sufficient courage to quit the bed-room, and to commence an examination of the house, which they expected to find in great disorder. Nor were their anticipations unfounded. The whole house had been stripped by artful thieves, and the gentleman had decamped without paying for his lodging. It turned out that he was no other than an accomplice of the notorious Arthur Chambers, who was executed at Tyburn in 1706; and that the supposed corpse was this arch-roguery himself, who had whitened his hands and face with chalk, and merely counterfeited death. About midnight he quitted the coffin, and appeared to the maid in the kitchen. When she flew up stairs, he softly followed her, and, seated at the door of the chamber, he acted as a sentinel, so that his industrious accomplices were enabled to plunder the house without the least molestation.'

The volume of 'Ghost Stories' is neatly got up, and is embellished with several engravings, well executed and coloured.

The Graces; a Classical Allegory, interspersed with Poetry, and illustrated by Explanatory Notes. Together with a Poetical Fragment, entitled 'Psyche among the Graces.' Translated from the original German of CHRISTOPHER MARTIN WIELAND. 8vo. pp. 148. London, 1823.

FEW writers of modern times possessed a greater versatility of genius, or are more popular among his countrymen, than Wieland, who, up to his eightieth year, retained his faculties in full vigour and his vivacity unimpaired. Like the venerable author of 'Doctor Syntax,' he continued to amuse and instruct at a period in life when most men, if living, are dead to the world and the world to them. 'The Graces,' by Wieland, have long been the delight of his fair countrywomen. This poem—if poem it can be called, one half of which is in prose, though poetic prose—was 'originally intended to have been written entirely in verse, but the author having changed his mind, retained as much only of the poetry as pleased him, and then connected the narrative by portions of prose.' Thus the author resembles a traveller on horseback, who occasionally dismounts and leads his steed on foot, alternately walking or riding, as may suit his fancy or the state of the road on which he is journeying.

Of the Graces it is difficult to convey a sufficiently distinct idea to our readers. It is an elegant allegorical jeu d'esprit, full of classical allusions, which, to the less initiated in the literature of ancient Greece and Rome, are explained in notes. As a fair specimen, however, of the author's talents, as well as of this singular production, we select his description of the golden age of pastoral simplicity:—

'Oh! where lives the man so contented and happy,
Who ne'er (in his dreams, or when he was nappy,)

Transported by fanciful joys and vagaries,
Where Nature, like Oberon, kindest of fairies,
Was pleas'd to provide for each favourite child
And place him in gardens of jessamine wild,
To revel and sport, and carouse with good cheer,

Quite lawless and careless of hope or of fear)
Believ'd that such hours, at a fair calculation,
Danc'd rapidly round in a moment's duration?

The gods all delighted with pastoral pleasures,
Deserting the spheres and the rest of their treasures,

Came down to enrich the poor earth with their essence,

While heaven was robbed of its deiform presence!—

Each kindly contended what gifts to bestow,
Best fitting the nature of things here below.

First yellow-haired Ceres, o'erturning her horn
 Bedeck'd the proud fields, with her golden-ear'd
 corn;
 And Zephyr and Flora, their perfumes bestow-
 ing,
 Strewed beds for the maidens, of flow'rs that
 kept blowing;
 The Nymphs planted mazes and bowers out of
 number,
 Inviting the shepherds to solace and slumber;
 Pan guarded the silver-fleeced flocks with his
 reed,
 Increased all the sheep-folds and better'd their
 breed;
 While Bacchus, supported by laughing Silene,
 Encourag'd the rustics who gaz'd on the scene,
 Where rich fertile vineyards, to grapes giving
 birth,
 Discover'd to mortals the nectar of Earth;
 Apollo, the fairest of shepherds, that day,
 Took a fancy (since common to poets they say)
 To alter his features, and crop his bright locks,
 And then go and watch o'er Admetus's flocks,
 His wit, which was better than country folks
 trade in,
 Was lov'd by each swain, and no doubt by
 each maiden—
 He gave them fine arts, he taught the young
 misses
 To dance, sing, and then—play at forfeits for
 kisses.

'Does this description please you, Danaë? Ah, how many beautiful pictures would the poetical Vateau compose from such wild and unconnected subjects. How happy were the men of yore—

• Blissful life of constant pleasure,
 Ignorance its dearest treasure!
 Then the savage had not known
 A happier station than his own;
 Ever sporting, kissing, dreaming,
 These, his highest transports seeming!

'Who would imagine, Danaë, that these *Autochthones*, (nay, do not be alarmed at this terrible word) clad in rough skins, and stretched under the shade of oaks and hazels, these creatures, in outward appearance, not unlike the larger apes of Africa, or the East Indies, who, I say, would imagine that these, and the happy children of the Golden Age, were one and the same race of beings? But rude as their condition was, it would never have been bettered, had not the Graces and the Muses united to model into men, the creatures which Nature had barely fashioned. By the assistance of these deities, this savage race began to amend; they learned various arts; their lives and manners were soon ameliorated and refined; their wit was improved; their passions were softened, and a thousand new sensations implanted in their hearts—

'Till this period the Graces had never been heard of;

'No poet yet where peaceful Peneus glides,
 Had seen the Graces dance with loosen'd zone,
 Nor mark their rural cot, which Nature hides
 In fairest vale, to God and men unknown!

Presuming that few ladies will be without the Graces—of Wieland, thus ably and elegantly translated, we need scarcely give the work our imprimatur.

REGINALD DALTON.

(Concluded from p. 389.)

IN our last week's notice of this excellent novel, we confined ourselves to a few general remarks and one or two extracts; this, we confess, we did somewhat prematurely,—we conveyed Reginald Dalton to Oxford, and seated him among the good things of college-life, without first giving any account of his birth, family, or connexions, which, however, we can do very briefly.

Reginald Dalton is the only son of John Dalton, the Vicar of Lannwell, in Westmoreland, by Ellen Lethwaite, a young girl of small property in the neighbourhood. Reginald's father had courted his cousin, Barbara Dalton, of Grypherwast Hall; but she, being somewhat prudish, did not say 'yes' at first, and John Dalton did not give her a second opportunity. His subsequent marriage with Ellen Lethwaite brought on a coolness in the families. Reginald's mother died in giving him birth, two years after the marriage. The care and education of his child now formed the sole business of the Vicar of Lannwell, who carefully concealed from his son his paternal or maternal connexions. Accident, however, enables him to discover it, in a book in which his family-pedigree is recorded; and the manner in which he attempted to conceal the discovery, gives rise to a fine touch of paternal admonition and tenderness. His father bade him retire to bed; he did so in tears; but had not slept long, when he 'was awakened suddenly but gently, by a soft trembling kiss on his forehead;' he opened his eyes, and saw his father, but lay quiet on his pillow. 'In a little time Mr. Dalton turned away, but ere he did so, the boy heard distinctly, amidst the midnight silence, a whisper of 'God bless my child!' Reginald felt that his father had not been able to sleep without blessing him—he felt the reconciling influence fall upon his spirit like a dew from heaven, and he sunk again lightly and softly into his repose.'

Mr. Chisney, a gentleman known to all the branches of the Dalton family, comes to reside at Thorwold, near Lannwell. Reginald forms an intimacy with Frederick Chisney. The Daltons of Grypherwast visit the Chisneys, and the Vicar of Lannwell and his son meet them there, when a reconciliation takes place, or, rather, the intercourse of the families is renewed. Reginald is sent to Oxford, where we last week left him, and we have only to add, that the author gives a full account of the dissipa-

tion of college-life, painted with that vigour and minuteness, which he alone who had witnessed it could impart. The reflections of Reginald, on viewing his room the morning after a debauch, are such as, perhaps, all have felt, but none before so well expressed:—

'He opened the door—but with what horror did he shrink from the scene which met his view!—Tables overturned, chairs broken, gowns torn, and caps shattered—candlesticks planted prostrate in their own grease—bottles and glasses shivered to atoms—floods of wine soaking on the filthy floor—horrid heavy fumes polluting the atmosphere—utter confusion every where—and a couple of dirty drowsy scouts labouring among all the loathsome ruin of a yesterday's debauch.

'Reginald turned in sickness from the abomination, and clapping the door behind him, flung himself upon his bed in an agony of shame and remorse. The image of his father rose before him—his father, far away in that virtuous solitude, robbing himself of what he could ill spare, that his son might not want the means of improvement, and cheering and sustaining his lonely hours with the hopes of meeting that only favourite, improved in intellect, and uncorrupted in manners. The calm beautiful valley, the dear sequestered home, the quiet days, the cheerful nights, the happy mornings—all the simple images of the peaceful past came crowding over his fancy in the sad clearness of regret. Even now, he said to himself, even now, he of whom I shall never be worthy, his thoughts are upon me! Alas! how differently will his fond imagination picture the scene with which his son is surrounded! How little will he dream of frantic riot, mad debauchery, this idleness, this drunkenness, this degradation! His solitary pillow is visited with other dreams—dreams!—dreams indeed! O why came I hither?—why was I flung thus upon myself, ere I had strength enough to know myself—to know if it were but my weakness? Alas! my too kind, my too partial parent, how cruelly will he be undeceived! For him, too, I am preparing pain—pain and shame—and for what?—for fever, for phrenzy, for madness, for the laughter of fools, the merriment of idiots, the brawls, the squabbles of drunken boys—this hot and burning brain, these odious shivering qualms, this brutal giddiness, and all yon heart-oppressing pollution!

While at Oxford, Reginald falls in love with Ellen Hesketh, the reputed niece of a Catholic priest, of the name of Keith, with whom she had escaped from the Continent, an adventure which is admirably told. Frederick Chisney, who is a gay dissipated fellow, not only leads Reginald into various excesses, but even insults the idol of his heart, Ellen Hesketh, whom Reginald opportunely rescues from his grasp. A duel ensues; two shots each

are fired, by which Reginald has the bone of his elbow grazed with a ball, and Chisney is wounded in the groin. Reginald is taken into custody, and committed prisoner to the castle, where,

'All night long, he was tormented into watchfulness by sounds of the most disgusting nature—for the assizes were near, and the felons, with whom the place was plentifully stocked, were taking advantage, as is their custom, of the absence of the turnkeys, to carry on nocturnal conversations with each other touching their various offences and expected fates, screaming and shouting through the various apertures which opened from their cells upon the staircase and passages for the admission of air. The harsh croaking voices of these villains, the savage oaths and blasphemous imprecations with which their discourse was interlarded, and the shocking character of their themes—these, together with the ceaseless clanking of their irons, were more than enough to keep him sleepless. He listened with a new sense of horror to this language of base and brutal depravity—the half-triumphant recapitulations of crimes—the gallows jokes, the poor attempts to disguise the tremours of conscious and shrinking guilt. Between the acts of this hideous concert, dark enough were the meditations on which his own tost spirit fed itself. When daylight broke upon the dungeon, it seemed to him as if it came to dash aside the blackness of one long terrible dream, in which every element of horror had been brooding over him—his sense of bodily pain, and all his confused remembrances of shame and anger and violence and degradation and scorn and blood—all mixed up together in one inextricable chaos, with visions such as haunt the imagination of ruffians—the stalking phantoms of murdered men—the air-drawn dagger—and stripes and chains and gibbets.'

Mr. Dalton, learning this fatal affair from the newspapers, hastens to Oxford to visit his son, who, almost immediately after his arrival, was released from prison, Chisney having recovered. Reginald determines on quitting England, previous to which he has a parting interview with Ellen, which the author must describe:—

"Come, Ellen," said he, "I must kiss your cheek—I must kiss it once more—one farewell kiss. And yet why should that be? I am come to bid you farewell—perhaps for ever."

"Farewell!—and for ever?"

"Ay, Ellen—feel this heart. It bleeds,—indeed, my girl, it bleeds!" And with that he drew her to his bosom, and kissed her passionately, and gazed upon her face. She shook, her lips shook—water gathered over the rich dark lustre of the eyes with which she seemed to be reading his soul. She buried her face on his neck—her raven tresses burst loose, and fell in all their luxury upon his bosom. The boy strained her in his grasp—one agitation thrilled in either

pulse. She kissed him—with a cold, moist, quivering, lingering lip, she kissed his cheek and his brow. He threw her back—he started to his feet, and, suddenly the master of himself, said, "We are very young and very miserable; but, Ellen, it is not for me to add to what is and must be. You already know that I am ruined here—that I am undone—that my hopes are blasted—that my life is changed."

"And all for me," said the girl, staring on him wildly, and not weeping.

"No, no," he answered, "'tis not so, truly. Ellen—dearest Ellen, my fate is fixed. I thought myself friendless, but I have found one good friend. He is to provide for me, but that is in India—I am to go thither immediately—there is no need for doling it out by degrees. I must go to India—I must leave every thing—I must leave you. What is the world?"

"May God in heaven bless and prosper you!" said she, earnestly, forcing composure. "May God bless you, Dalton, and may you find that there is happiness! When do you go?"

"To-morrow, early in the morning. I must go now—What matters that? What matters the day or the hour? We are parting. I can scarcely, even now, believe my own words, my own heart—we are parting. Give me one of these black ringlets, Ellen—it will lie on my heart, and perhaps lighten it."

"They are yours—take them."

He cut off a single glossy curl, kissed it fervently, and folded it into his bosom. "And you, Ellen," he said, "What is to be your fate?—Where, when our friend is no more, where then are you to be—am I to know nothing of you?—Is there to be no hope? If fortune should favour me, will you not come over the sea and be my wife, far away, in a land of strangers? How, where, and I to find you? We know not what may yet be—we are blind feeble creatures—good may yet be in store for us. You will not forget me, Ellen?"

"Ask your own heart that, Reginald!" and she sobbed aloud, and once more she threw herself upon his breast. But she, too, in her turn, could summon strength. She raised herself and spoke with a calm voice, but rapidly, as if in fear that it might lose its calmness. "I wished to have given all my heart to God, Dalton—it was you who took that power from me, and yet that wish half remains. You have made me know what love is. Shall I—Oh, no, I shall not—I cannot reproach you. I have tasted love, I have tasted happiness—troubled love, indeed—sad and troubled, but yet something happier than I had dreamed of—something sweeter than I had thought was in this world—and now we are to part!—Fear not that I shall love another. I shall be alone—but I shall not be all alone while I think that you are there—even there, the wide seas between us—time and sea and fortune—take my whole heart, my whole resolution at once with you—I am yours. If you ever ask me to come, I will come. If you ever come to me, you

will find me the same—old, perhaps—faded—with grey hairs, Reginald, if you stay so long from me—but still, lay your hand here, Reginald Dalton, you will find this heart in the same place, and beating thus. Do you feel how it beats?"

Reginald, even in the present darkness of his spirit, was soothed at once, and nerved, by the calmness with which this forlorn girl spoke the language of tenderness that would not be withered, of faith that could sustain itself even in the absence of hope. He told her all that had happened to him—he poured out the whole history of his heart. She listened to him with pensive earnestness—she partook every thing that was his—all their thoughts and fears were common. Sorrows, equal and partaken, had dissolved much even of that which is in itself beautiful in the love of lovers. They had no time for the graceful luxuries of reserve. Their parting hour had the first ineffable charm of virgin love—its purity, its fervour, its modesty, and its passion; but grief blended with these the full and sober intercommunion of wedded hearts.

The scene of Reginald's adventures are afterwards transferred to London, and thence to Edinburgh; but through these we shall not follow the author, nor need we, for we might fairly leave him to the public, and rest his claims to talents of the highest order on our last extract. The sequel may be briefly told: the Vicar of Lannwell recovers the estate of Grypherwast, which once appeared lost to the family; he marries Reginald and Ellen at his own parish-church, and then seats them fairly and comfortably in the patrimonial estate.

The Discarded Son, a Tale; and other Poems. By CHARLES BARWELL COLES, ESQ. 12mo. pp. 50. London, 1823.

FAMILY secrets are not always worth knowing, though, perhaps, the female portion of our readers may think otherwise; to such 'The Discarded Son' will recommend itself. The author narrates his own history; and contrasts, with much feeling, the severe conduct of his father, with the maternal care and tenderness of his mother. 'His object,' he says, 'is to describe that weakness and indecision of character, and that sensibility of feeling, unfit to struggle with the world; and which, if exposed to danger, fall into the greatest errors and crimes.' It is, rather, to shew the danger of meeting every juvenile folly with a parental frown, and discarding a son whom kindness would easily have reclaimed. The author, and many of the circumstances to which he alludes, are, we doubt not, known to some of our city readers; and were this not the case, we should not think it necessary

to detail them. As a poem, we may observe that 'The Discarded Son' is of very unequal merit. There is certainly both beauty and originality in many parts of it—but others are tame. It shews, however, that, whatever may have been the follies of Mr. Coles, he has not neglected wooing and winning the Muses.

To the poem are added several songs, mostly in praise of 'wedded love,' which the author is honest enough to confess he has found, what Milton calls it, a 'perpetual fountain of domestic sweets.' These minor pieces possess considerable merit. Much as has been written on a sailor's parting, we have seldom met with it more prettily handled than in the following lines:—

THE SAILOR'S PARTING.

'Oh! could the wind but waft a sigh
Or burning kiss to thee;
And, as it chang'd, return again
Thy softer kiss to me;
'Or could a wandering breeze impart
Each thought I long'd to share;
In murmur'd whisper reach thy heart,
And keep mine image there;
'From desert wilds, and stormy seas,
Reviving breath of hope we'd glean;
From tempests snatch our bosom peace,
And bless the cruel space between.'

We ought to add that these poems present a novelty—they are printed on pink-tinted paper, which gives the work a very delicate and elegant appearance.

Seventy-Six. By the Author of 'Logan.' 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1037. Baltimore, printed; London, re-printed, 1823.

THE *literati* of the United States of America not only seem determined to make a good stand in their own territory, but they even beard us in our sea-girt isle, and enter boldly into an honourable competition. One of their writers certainly would do honour to the Augustan age of any country; and his 'Sketch Book' and 'Bracebridge Hall' will be read as long as English or American literature shall be cherished. Another, and their best novel-writer, Brown, displayed a rich imagination and a well-cultivated mind; and he has been followed by some by no means unworthy labourers in the regions of romance; among whom we would particularly notice the author of the 'Spy' and the 'Pioneers;' nor ought we, perhaps, to omit the author whose work is now presented to our notice, and of whose previous novel, 'Logan,' we have already spoken favourably.

The very title of this novel betrays its subject; the 'Seventy-Six' of the United States is as familiar as the 'Forty-Five' of the Scots, though, to be sure, there

was some difference in the results. The author, who may be considered as the 'Rangan Gilhaize' of the American revolution, founds his novel on that great event; and even asserts that his account is more correct than any of the histories hitherto published on the subject. Many of the most striking events in that important struggle are certainly very vividly painted, and the domestic history of the author is very agreeably interlarded with the historical narrative. There is, indeed, an occasional abruptness in the style, but the effect on the whole is not displeasing; and 'Seventy-Six' may be considered as a work which will meet with many admirers, and which no lover of fiction should omit to read.

A Letter to the Mistresses of Families, on the Cruelty of Employing Children in the odious, dangerous, and often fatal Task of Sweeping Chimnies, and on the Facility with which the Practice may be almost wholly abolished. By J. C. HUDSON. 8vo. London, 1823.

MANY of our legislators are labouring hard in the senate, to abolish the black slavery in the West Indies, and their efforts have been seconded by the public; this is certainly meritorious, and we wish them success, but there is a species of black slavery at home, which almost passes unnoticed, although it exceeds in cruelty that of the Negroes. It is a slavery, too, which may be easily abolished, for here are no vested rights to protect—no valuable possessions to be endangered by giving nature's freedom to the captive; the point to be gained may be achieved even without legislative enactment; all that is required is, that every master or mistress of a family will employ a machine instead of a climbing boy.

Mr. Hudson, with a humanity which does him honour, makes a powerful appeal to the public, in behalf of the poor wretched sweeps; he shows the horrors of the system, and the very easy means by which they are to be remedied; and we are sure that no person will read the evidence he adduces and the arguments he advances, without feeling with him on the subject.

Liber Amoris; or the New Pygmalion. 12mo. pp. 192. London, 1823.

IF we had not known that the individual to whom this wretched compound of folly and nauseous sensuality is ascribed, has related the disgusting circumstances it details as a portion of his

own personal history, we should have said that he was grossly libelled; and even now, we cannot but feel somewhat surprised that though a man might have the folly or effrontery to confess his vices to his companions, he should publish them to all the world. This new Pygmalion differs widely from the one of Cyprus; the ancient Pygmalion was so disgusted with female licentiousness that he abhorred the sex;—the other, forgetful of conjugal ties, falls bewitchingly enamoured of a dirty-faced wench, whom he himself calls 'a common lodging-house decoy, a kissing convenience,' whose lips 'are as common as the stairs,' who 'sits on his knee,' 'puts her arms round his neck,' 'feeds him with kisses,' and lets him 'take other liberties with her;' and that any man, who has either a reputation to gain or one to lose, should publish this is indeed astonishing. The girl, it appears, after befooling the dotard, left him to lament over his own folly and her faithlessness; or, as the reputed author, when relating the affair to his friends, says,—'By — she jilted me.' Such is the story of the 'New Pygmalion,' the would-be-debauchee it ought to be called, with which public decency and public morals are insulted.

Isabel de Barsas; a Tradition of the Twelfth Century. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1823.

ALTHOUGH the general character of novels has been improved during the last few years, yet we are not certain that novel-writers in general have gained by the circumstance, since it has become too much the custom to admire, for fashion sake, the works of some half-dozen authors only, while new candidates are treated with indifference, or suffered to pass unnoticed. Even critics, who ought rather to guide than follow public opinion, are not free from blame in this respect; and we are compelled to acknowledge that there have been times when a novel, like 'Isabel de Barsas,' would neither have slumbered so long on our table unreviewed, nor have been dismissed with so brief a notice as we are now compelled to give it.

The novel of 'Isabel de Barsas' is more remarkable for the deep and continued interest of the narrative, and the striking character of its numerous incidents, than for the vividness of its descriptions, or the originality of the characters who figure in it. It touches on subjects which have generally been favourites with novel readers—such as the children of rival families in love

with each other—tyrannical kindred—treacherous rivals—secret plans of assassination, escapes, concealments in secret caverns, spectral appearances, &c. The scene is laid in France in the eleventh century; the hero and heroine are the son and daughter of two houses, whose castles are adjacent to each other, but who have nurtured an hereditary enmity. Philip de Montfort, the heir of one, is in love with Isabel de Barsas, the daughter of the other family; he goes to the Holy Land to avenge a father's death, and is nearly murdered by some ruffians, who had been hired by the Marquis de Morbiere, his rival. He returns home in disguise; woos Isabel under the feigned name of Albert de la Lance, and gains her affections. He had been accidentally seen in his armour, and a report prevailed that his spectre (his murder having been reported) walked in the ancient castle. After some time, and a variety of adventures, he rescues his Isabel, who had been carried off, and his visor falling off, discovered who he was. He marries Isabel; they live happily; and one of their sons receives the estate of the treacherous Marquis de Morbiere, which had reverted to the crown in consequence of the marquis dying intestate.

Such is a brief—very brief outline of the story of 'Isabel de Barsas,' a novel which possesses more merit and fewer faults than almost any work of fiction we have met with for some time.

The Portfolio; a Collection of Engravings, with Descriptions. Part VII. WE are glad to see this elegant little work conducted with so much spirit. The Seventh Part contains eight well selected engravings, some of them drawn, and all engraved by the Messrs. Storer, to whom the public are indebted for so many excellent illustrations of antiquarian, architectural, and topographical subjects.

Illustrations of the public Buildings of London. No. II. By J. BRITTON, Esq. F.S.A. and A. PUGIN, Architect.

A WORK that rests its chief claim to patronage on its embellishments, has but a bad chance of having justice done to it in a critique. On the appearance of the first number of this work, we gave an account of its nature and objects, with some observations on its utility and the manner in which it is executed. A second number strengthens our opinion in its favour—the subjects of the views are well chosen and admirably

executed, while, in general, a corresponding attention is paid to the letterpress. The description of the churches of St. Stephen's, and St. Martin's, Walbrook, by Mr. Gwilt, is perhaps too dry and statistical, but it is interesting. Mr. Britton has commenced an article on the Custom House, with an historical notice of the commerce of the metropolis, which is certainly an admirable subject. If the editors continue to conduct the work with the ability already displayed, it must become popular.

Foreign Literature.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

YESTERDAY I had a fine dream, which I will relate, that our philosophers or our divines may explain it to me. I found myself in the midst of a vast plain, covered with a countless multitude of men of all countries and of all ages, from Kamtschatka to Spain, and from the *fiat lux* up to the present time. I was with my aunt, a good old woman, very fond of old customs and of good old times. As soon as she espied a man in the costume of Louis the Fourteenth's time, she exclaimed, 'Oh, what good times there were during that great king's reign!'—'Devil take thee, silly conceited old woman*,' replied the man in a large wig, 'those times were hellish: wars, misery, crimes, corruption, meanness, and pride, were what I witnessed under this great monarch. But look at that man in his broad-brimmed hat, his plaited collar, and large shoes, he has seen good times, for he lived under the good Henry IV.'—'Plague take the fool,' returned the man in question; 'I saw nothing but civil wars, rebellions, assassinations, monkish superstitions, poisonings, and famine; yonder warrior, doubtless, knew good times, for his dress bespeaks him to have been a soldier of the great Charlemagne.'—'Thou art terribly out in thy reckoning,' answered Charlemagne's knight; 'Hast thou not heard of the sorcerers of those times, of the excesses committed under the cloak of religion, of the peasantry preyed upon by the vassals, the vassals by the petty gentry, the petty gentry by the liege lords, and the liege lords themselves despoiled by the monks? Observe that man in a tunic, he is a Roman and must have known good times.' 'Ignorant Gaul!' said the man of the Tiber, 'thou hast then neither read Suetonius nor Tacitus. Thou know-

* The dead are unceremonious.

est nothing of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, nor Caracalla! Cast your eyes upon that man in a toga; he is the one who has seen good times; he served under the republic.' 'By Bacchus,' exclaimed the man with a long curly beard, 'thou speakest of what thou knowest little of. Thy boasted republic was a barbarous period; wars, battles, combats, carnage, decemvirs, tribunes, revolutions, the agrarian law, elections determined by blows, perpetual dictatorships, proscriptions,—were those good times! Look at that man wearing a chlamys, he was more fortunate; his, indeed, were good times.' 'Yes,' answered the Athenian, 'the iron age! Poor Greece, always the prey of tyrants or rogues; a hundred little states ever ready to attack their neighbours or quarrel among themselves,—petty kingdoms, small republics, tyranny, aristocracy, democracy, oligarchy, factions, wars, treasons, and slavery, under the name of liberty—such was Greece. Yonder man, who wears a tiara, lived under Semiramis, and those were the only good times.' 'O Heavens! what nonsense!' exclaimed the man in the mitre, 'Nineveh, Ecbatana, Babylon, Suza, Persepolis, were all infamous cities; the age was corrupt, and miserable Asia knew neither peace nor happiness; these, however, were once to be found. See yon venerable old man,—he is Adam; he knew good times—no one else has known them.' 'May the serpent bite thee, with thy good times!' replied the first of men; 'there existed then but one woman, she was a coquette. I had but two sons—one killed the other. Look at the angels, they have known good times.' 'Thou liest,' cried Lucifer; 'the angels fought each other like devils, and even attacked the Divinity; and if the Supreme himself has seen good times, it was before he called any being into existence.'

Original.

SKETCHES FROM SPAIN.

(To be continued occasionally.)

VALENCIA.

THE Valencians are not reputed, by the rest of their countrymen, to be particularly distinguished for their bravery, but they are certainly most passionately addicted to field sports. Every one, aspiring to the title of Hidalgo, endeavours to excel his neighbours in the elegance of his fowling pieces and in his dogs. In this respect they differ widely from the Andalusian majos or dandies, who lavish their money upon a

gaudy dress, a mistress, or still more frequently on a beautiful horse. In Valencia, on the contrary, horses are by no means an object of attention. Assassinations are here generally committed with fire-arms; in Andalusia, with the knife. In language, features, and complexion,—in industry and habits of economy, the difference between these two provinces is still more striking.

One of the popular amusements peculiar to Valencia, consists in shooting; more particularly pigeon-shooting, which, conducted as it here is, possesses something at once puerile and malicious. The spot selected on these occasions is usually the dry bed of some stream, enclosed between steep banks; of which kind there are a great many to be met with here. The Palomeiros bring baskets full of pigeons, whose tails have been plucked out, and fling them up into the air, one by one; all the sportsmen firing at each until it drops. He who shoots the bird takes it as his prize, but as it generally happens that this is a point much contested, every one affirming that it was his gun that brought it down, and as they are not very particular as to a few shot falling among their comrades, these parties seldom terminate without some strife and bloodshed. This amusement is oftentimes not without much interest, yet decidedly inferior to the great hunt on the Albufera, which takes place every year, upon St. Martin's Day. The Albufera is a piece of water, three leagues in length and three-fourths of a league in width, separated from the sea by a tongue of land. Imagine about three or four hundred little barks crossing this basin in all directions, and probably the same number lying close to the banks. These are all filled with persons who keep shooting at random, among the clouds of sea-birds that, alarmed by the splashing of the oars, spring up from the weeds and rushes in immense flocks. On these occasions, it is not at all extraordinary for six or seven thousand, or even a still greater number of birds to be shot. The countless multitude of spectators, assembled in their picturesque costume, gives to this diversion the character of a great national spectacle. The attire of the men consists chiefly in their *zazaguelles*, large and full white breeches, reaching to the knees; and a silk scarf, termed *faxo*, either red or blue, which is wound round the body seven times. This scarf partly covers a cartridge box, that is attached to the waist as a girdle, and is fanci-

fully embroidered on its lid, with various colours. The coat is generally a short brown or blue jacket, called *chacuela*; but this is by no means an indispensable article of dress, it being very common for the smartest men to appear in their white shirt sleeves. The *chaleco*, however, which is a sort of white under-waistcoat, ornamented with gold fringe and tassels, is an essential part of Valencian finery. The hair is confined in a coloured net, or a gay handkerchief (*bolsa*); over which is a *montera*, or hat, with a wide brim: stockings, reaching to the ankles, and sandals, complete the dress.

The costume of the women tends also to render this spectacle more than ordinarily attractive to a stranger. It bears much resemblance to that of the females of some of the Greek Islands. Conceive, now, all these numerous vessels filled with a multitude thus fantastically attired—the cry of the birds, and the loud flapping of their wings, as they rise up into the air—the continual discharge of fowling-pieces from every quarter, within a circumference of four or five leagues—on one side, the prospect of the sea expanding before you—on the other, the orange groves of Cartagnete, and the rocks of San Felipe—and, above all, an intensely blue sky, a serene atmosphere, and the delightful mildness of spring, even at the beginning of November—all this forms a picture that can never be erased from the memory.

The sports of the day being terminated, the multitude depart home, laden with their spoils. We returned by the road of San Felipe, which, although it contains nothing in itself particularly worthy of note, conducts to the most delightful part of the plain of Valencia. At first, the road leads through rice-fields, on a somewhat marshy soil, to Algemesi and Aleira; then towards the mountains to Cartagnete, that inclose the plain. It is on these latter that the greater part of the oranges are produced, that are sent from Valencia to France and the north of Europe. From Cartagnete to San Felipe the country is not in such a high state of cultivation, but is far more picturesque and varied than on the plain. Almost every village here possesses a church of some magnitude, decorated with some good paintings. The houses are small, but very neat; as is likewise the dress of the inhabitants. They possess a greater abundance of linen than we have ever noticed among the peasantry of any other country, except Switzerland.

San Felipe is one of the pleasantest

towns in Spain. After the battle of Almansa, it was razed with the ground and entirely destroyed: nor was it rebuilt till some years subsequently, when it changed its former Moorish appellation of Xativa for its present one; but is known by either name. The population of this cheerful little town amounts to about 8 or 9000 inhabitants. The environs are no less agreeable than the town itself: on the declivity of a hill, where the valley of Montesa expands itself into a fertile plain, are seen the almost shapeless ruins of two Moorish castles, situated on a rocky projection; these buildings were blown up by the French during the last war. From this eminence a fine view is commanded over the plain of Valencia, and up the valley, along the banks of the river, and over a number of villages, as far as the castles of Mojenta and Montesa.

One circumstance that greatly surprised us at Valencia, was to hear the people, even of the lowest classes, always employ pure Castilian in singing, although they never used it on any other occasion. They are, however, by no means so much attached to this amusement as are the Andalusians.

On quitting San Felipe, we were obliged to take a very rocky road, by the bank of the river, for a short distance, ere we could gain the main road to Madrid. Here we met with an accident, which, although by no means uncommon, might have proved fatal to us: it had been raining during the night, and we were fording the river with our mules, the water being then hardly a foot deep, when suddenly it rushed upon us with such violence, before we were at all aware of what was about to happen, that our animals were carried away to some distance by the current.

Before quitting Valencia, we made an excursion to Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, deeming it unpardonable to omit viewing so celebrated a spot; but the expectation which we had formed was greatly disappointed. The prospect, indeed, from the castle, which stands on the site of the ancient city, is beautiful enough, for the view extends quite to the sea, and along the shore, as far as Denia, but this is what is most worth seeing. Its situation, on a long narrow ridge, detached from the principal chain of mountains, sufficiently accounts for the protracted siege which the city was able to sustain, the rock being inaccessible on every side. The present town is very differently situated, being in a valley at

the foot of this eminence. Previously to the late war, considerable remains of the former city might be traced within the walls of the castle, but, in consequence of the works then carried on, these were all destroyed, with the exception of some columns and inscriptions, which are still to be seen; some fragments of wall, also, constructed of immense blocks of stone (*Almohadillos*), still attest the stupendous strength of the ancient fortifications. On the north-east declivity of the rocks, are the remains of the theatre, which was evidently hollowed out of the rock itself. These ruins have suffered greatly within the last fifteen years; for, although the rows of seats are still distinguishable, hardly any trace remains of the *vomitoria*. Murviedro has a cathedral in a demi-gothic style, the façade of which is tolerably good; but the altars are in a most execrable taste.

The way hither from Valencia lies through the Plain, and I found that, delightful as it at first seems, after some time, the eye becomes wearied of the artificial monotony of continued rows of mulberry, olive, and orange-trees. There are none of the features of fine landscape; for want of which, however cheering the fertility of the soil, there is little to captivate the imagination. In the environs of the city itself and the village, the small *chopas* or cottages, that are scattered about, serve to break the uniformity and enliven the scene.

Before quitting Valencia, we had an opportunity of witnessing an execution, in which the criminal was strangled. This method of putting to death appears to have something very barbarous and revolting in it, and to be a remnant of Inquisitorial cruelty, more particularly so, as the criminal has a kind of monk's frock put on him, having a broad white ruff, or collar, which forms a horrid contrast with the features, distorted as they are by suffocation. And in this disgusting state the body is exposed for several hours in the public place, where the business of the market is going on as usual. A few days afterwards, we were present when nine soldiers of the artillery were shot for having entered into a conspiracy with Elio; an office which fell to the lot of the second battalion of the National Militia to perform. N. R.

THE NATIONAL LIBRARY.

WHETHER it be eventually determined to unite the munificent library presented by his Majesty to the British nation with that of the British Museum, or to keep it separate, it is to be hoped that it will be deposited in a distinct building; and that the establishment connected with it will be so regulated, as to afford greater facilities to the public than are enjoyed at present. To grant an unrestricted access to such an institution would, probably, in a great measure, defeat the purposes whence its value arises; still, every facility should be afforded that is consistent with the safety of such treasures, and that may serve to render them more generally useful. It is by no means desirable that a national library should be open to idle and frivolous curiosity: but it is greatly so that it should be rendered as efficient as possible to the services of literature, and that the studious should be able to avail themselves of it *unreservedly and uninterruptedly*. All regulations, not guided by these views, appear to us, to be at least highly injudicious.

It is surely true wisdom in a legislature to encourage, by every possible means, whatever tends to advance the moral taste of a nation. There are occasions upon which the distinction of the *meum* and *tuum* is quite unnecessary and odious. Greatly, therefore, do we deprecate that short-sighted policy—if policy it be, which converts national monuments either into raree-shows, of which the sight is to be purchased, or restricts the enjoyment of them to a particular class:—we must, however, here be understood *cum grano salis*, for we do not advocate an unconditional publicity, but only in so far as will ensure the enjoyment of them to those capable of benefitting by them.

Were Westminster Abbey thrown open to the public, the sum now paid at its doors for admission, would be lost to the dean and chapter; but the gain to the nation would be immense: or, are we to acquiesce in the opinion, that Englishmen are such aliens from all that generous spirit which has ever been imputed to them—so inert and so obtuse to every noble impulse, that they can tread on the ashes of the illustrious dead, and view their monuments without partaking in the sentiments which animated the benefactors of their race, or without glorying in the illustrious characters which their country has produced? It was not by thus secluding their national monuments from the

public gaze, that the spirit of patriotism was fostered in Greece, in its best ages. There every thing connected with the glory of the state, was open even to the meanest of its citizens. Perhaps, indeed, were this system adopted, an accident might now and then occur;—but, even granting that a piece of marble might be chipped off a monument, or a volume filched out of a public library, are these circumstances of any weight, when thrown in the scale against the advantages arising to the community at large, from the liberality here recommended. Prudence may, on some occasions, be carried too far; since, if we are deterred from availing ourselves to the utmost of that which we possess, by paltry and illiberal considerations, we shall bid fair to interdict ourselves the enjoyment of every thing worth enjoying.

We are anxious to see all our national establishments put upon a footing befitting a great and free people; and we regret to find so little hitherto done by the government for the promotion of those institutions, and the advancement of those arts so essential to the glory, and so inseparably connected with the existence of an enlightened nation. We are aware that the present state of society is very different from what it was in Greece, and that the facility with which literary productions are now disseminated is so great, that one of the best species of patronage which the rulers of any country can exert, is to leave them to pursue their effects unmolestedly. Still, although less necessary upon the whole than in former ages, an active and positive encouragement in all that relates to the diffusion of knowledge and the cultivation of moral taste, is most important. Nor can we refrain from expressing ourselves warmly on this subject. We wish not, indeed, for such encouragement as that likely to be afforded by a royal academy of literature; neither should we augur much real benefit from a tribe of pensioned authors; but, in whatever tends to promote the general spread of knowledge, or to assist the pursuits of the student, a liberal disposition should undoubtedly be manifested wherever it can.

The present occasion presents an opportunity of this nature, which, we trust, will not be neglected, and should it be determined to erect a new building for a library, we hope that it will prove a monument worthy of the purpose to which it will be destined. Most sincerely should we deprecate, on such

an occasion, any thing resembling a paltry and minute economy. Rather than that such an edifice should be marred at all in the execution—or that it should not prove a structure every way adequate to its purpose and honourable to our national genius—much rather had we that not a single stone should be laid. The British Museum must be confessed to be as hideous and barbarous a pile as ever was erected. Certainly, like the toad, 'it wears a precious jewel in its head,' but we should as soon venture to declare that loathsome animal to be gifted with beauty, as to compromise our taste, by commending this building for its external attractions, unless so far as they consist in its picturesque uncouthness. As a specimen of the taste of a noble mansion, at the end of the seventeenth century, it is curious; but we should not, therefore, care to see it levelled with the ground; but we can hardly conceive a building whose external character is more completely at variance with the purpose to which it is appropriated. What more complete antithesis to the age of Phidias, and the exquisite architectural fragments contained in the Elgin gallery, can be conceived than the squalid, miserable air, and the monstrous elevation of Montague House? Its interior embellishments partake of the same taste; for it is hardly possible to conceive any thing more grotesque, puerile, and preposterous, more ugly and dismal than the paintings which cover the walls and ceiling of the saloon*.

As a central spot, we think that the site of the Mews, proposed for that of a library, would be, in many respects, preferable to any other that has been named. Its contiguity to the courts of Parliament is desirable, and if placed so as to terminate the avenue from Whitehall, it could not fail to present a most interesting object. If insulated and constructed of durable materials—both of which it ought to be, we apprehend that little objection could be made to this situation, as far as regards the object either of security from accidents by fire, or of that seclusion favourable to literary studies. It is not to be supposed that the walls of such an edifice would be of so slight a nature as to be capable of transmitting sound. Neither would any lateral windows be required, for both convenience and architectural elegance would be much better con-

sulted, by admitting the light into the apartments from the roof; and thus all communication with the street would be cut off. Besides, it is not to be supposed that the building would be immediately adjacent to the street, since it would be more advantageously placed, if removed to a little distance.

We hardly know of any edifice which would afford a more favourable scope for the display of architectural beauty; for, as there would be no occasion for external apertures, at least not in its principal front, a more imposing and strictly classical character could be attained than would otherwise be possible. At present, we possess no example of a portico on a truly magnificent scale. That, indeed, at the new church of St. Pancras, is most beautiful, and that of Covent Garden Theatre not deficient in grandeur—but neither of them exhibit that lofty majesty which we could wish to witness. With respect to that of St. Martin's Church, we think that it has been lauded far beyond its merits, since whatever be the beauty of the columns themselves, the building to which they are attached is altogether so incongruous, and so little accordant with them, as to destroy all their effect. We still want something of ampler dimensions and upon a bolder scale. Then, as to material, we should certainly recommend none but the most admirable. Granite would be preferable to any other; and there is every reason to suppose, that, with the aid of machinery, worked by steam, this could be polished, so as to attain extraordinary beauty, at no very great expense. Having said thus much, it is hardly necessary to observe, that the utmost judgment should be employed in selecting a design. On such an occasion, we would strongly urge the maxim—'deliberandum est diu quod statuendum est semel.' Any thing in the least akin to private interests, should be disregarded on an occasion which it would be profanation to consider as a 'job:' for, if such a work was not rendered an ornament to our metropolis, and a structure worthy of future emulation, it could not fail to prove a disgrace to the age, and to the individuals any way connected with its erection.

Original Poetry.

FAIR ELLEN.

CAN this be fair Ellen, said I,
Whose beauty so dazzled my sight,
That enraptur'd methought I could die,
To insure her one moment's delight?

Alas! how does beauty decay,
This flower which lately did bloom,
In fragrance and foliage so gay,
Now fades on the brink of the tomb!

One moment I silently gaz'd,
To behold where her footsteps inclin'd;
And perceived a green turf had been rais'd,
Over which, like a sylph, she reclin'd.

The flowers her fingers were pressing,
To touch, appear'd almost a treason;
But the tale was indeed most distressing,
Poor Ellen had quite lost her reason.

At the altar of love she had knelt,
And plighted the vows of her heart;
To one youth who in sympathy felt,
Death only their wishes could part!

The destroyer unsparingly came,
All joy from her bosom to steal;
And Ellen petitioned in vain,
The wounds of her lover to heal!

His cold hand, in agony pressing,
Just Heaven, in mercy, she cried;
Our souls, which on earth were a blessing,
Let not this dread moment divide.

Let us fly to those regions of bliss,
Where love is permitted to dwell;
Where each contract is seal'd by a kiss,
Which no magic of fate can dispell!

THALIA—L.

SONG,

Written for the Anniversary of the Catholic Society for the Relief of the Aged Poor, held on the 23rd June, 1823.

By J. M. L.

WHEN Time has spread his chilling snow
On Age and Sorrow's care-worn brow,
The sun of hope seems clouded o'er,
As though its beams would bless no more.

Daughters of Charity,
Sons of Humanity,
Pity, oh! pity the weak aged poor!

When dire disease has seiz'd the form,
And bitter want pours forth its storm,
'Tis your's to soothe the suff'r's care,
And check the groan of deep despair.

Wand'ring, naked, pale, and cold,
Hunger makes the wretched bold;
Crime, but for you, may mark their doom,
And sink them to an awful tomb.

Delightful then to save a soul,
By Mercy's angel-like control;
Delightful sure the means to give,
And bid the sinking suff'rer live!

MARY BROWN OF NOTTINGHAM.

AT GRUB STREET Chapel, Sunday last,
Where people could no longer cram;
In nankeen dress, with looks down-cast,
Preach'd—*Mary Brown of Nottingham.*

Archbishops, bishops, prebends, deans,
Followers and feeders of the Lamb:
Know ye what woman's preaching means?
Ask—*Mary Brown of Nottingham.*

Ye trenchermen,—divines so spruce!
Who study near the river CAM;
If ye would value learning's use,
Seek—*Mary Brown of Nottingham.*

Dissenters, ranters, calvinists,
And papists of the Holidam;
Socinians, Arians, Methodists,
Hear—*Mary Brown of Nottingham.*

* Since this article was sent to press, we have seen it stated in some of the daily prints, that ministers intend to allow 500,000l. for the erection of the British Museum.

Street preachers, grubs, and worms of earth,
Men whose success is all a sham;
Your eloquence is nothing worth,
Since—*Mary Brown's of Nottingham.*

Quakers, both male and female, rise,
Take off your hats and stand like *Pam*:
The spirit moves you to be wise
In—*Mary Brown's of Nottingham.*

Rabbins of Israel! quit the law
The brazen rod and golden ram;
In all your tribes, you never saw
Famed—*Mary Brown of Nottingham.*

GRUB STREET, for poets once so great,
For city cream and raspberry jam,
Is now become a pious street,
By *Mary Brown of Nottingham.*

Islington, June 23rd, 1823. J. R. P.

Fine Arts.

WEST'S NEW GALLERY, NEWMAN STREET.

PERHAPS, of all the candidates for fame, the painter builds the monument on which he rests his hope of immortality, with the most perishable materials, and the superstructure has little defence in the elegance and beauty of the performance against the 'tooth of time and rasure of oblivion.' It is the common boast of a successful poet, that he has raised a bulwark proof against the force of the elements, or the undermining vigour of time.

*'Exegi monumentum are perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius,
Quod non imber edax non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series.'*

The same may, in a qualified degree, be the exultation of the statuary, whose labours nothing but brute violence can deform. But the picture is not only subject to the damages of all those external impulses, but time itself, though by some deemed the friend of the painter by mellowing asperity and softening harshness, will, nevertheless, be found to impair a thousand tablets, while it assists in mellowing the tints of one. Of most pictures, at least modern ones, it may be said, as has been observed of female beauties, till a certain age every year adds a new charm, but that being past, every passing year carries along with it a beauty. We are led into this train of thought by the paintings of the late President of the Royal Academy, which we have just been admiring: though, at the same time, we could not help grieving to see how forcibly the hand of time had impressed itself on some of these exquisite creatures of the imagination, and sullied, but too much, some of their brightest beauties. 'West's pictures will not stand,' is the fashionable opinion of the day, and really, on minute examination,

there appears something to be feared. No. 26, of the great room, the subject of which is the 'Nativity of our Saviour,' is no little impaired, even now: and, were it of consequence, we could point out others: but the best judges seem to say, there is not so much for us to fear as is generally supposed, and we will hope the best. We do not intend to minutely describe the exhibition, but to set down such general remarks on the genius of the artist, as may be gathered from this collection of his works. A few pieces, however, the reader will excuse being brought forward, even should he have seen them as often as the reflection of his own face. In the entrance gallery, 'Thetis bringing the Armour to Achilles,' is spiritedly drawn and exquisitely filled up. In the room of drawings, there is much to interest,—as there are to be seen, the first designs of those pieces which all have admired afterwards so glowingly embodied on the canvass. The death of 'General Wolfe' is there as if in embryo. Near it, is the germ of the 'Battle at La Hogue,' and of 'Death on the Pale Horse.' We shall not speak particularly on either of these chef d'œuvres, of West, as they are generally esteemed: the public has, already, both seen, criticised, and admired the 'Death on the Pale Horse,' and 'Christ Rejected.' In the great room, 'Cupid complaining to Venus of being stung by a Bee,' is remarkably well designed, and we do not recollect to have seen this picture before. The flesh of the naked figures is finely raised and rounded, although critics are apt to blame West for a want of this beauty. 'The Wise Men's Offering' is a good piece, but we must confess, that of Nicholas Poussin, on the same subject, which we noticed the week before the last, pleases us better, both in spirit and execution. It is, however, no disgrace to be in competition with Nicholas Poussin. By the side of the piece styled 'Christ healing the Sick in the Temple,' is a small picture of 'Aaron staying the Plague,' but, being put out of the reach of accurate inspection, we cannot speak decidedly on it; it appeared to us, however, to be vigorously cast, and if it comes up to the subject, must be sublime in the highest degree. Perhaps, there is no finer passage in scripture than this, which describes Aaron as coming into the dying congregation of the people; and 'he stood betwixt the dead and the living, and the plague was stayed.' The overthrow of the old beast and false prophet is an allegory, and he that can unriddle an

allegory may be delighted with this; we are aware, that in thus censuring allegorical painting, 'Death on the Pale Horse,' may seem to be hinted at: but, if Milton is censured for his allegory of Sin and Death, the warmest admirer of West will excuse our thus mentioning the difficulties of a subject, with which the genius of this painter alone dared to wrestle. 'Paul and Barnabas,' naturally brings to our mind Raphael's 'Paul preaching at Athens;' from which, the figure of Paul here is evidently drawn: it does not, however, at all equal the boldness of the Italian master. It is said of West, that he borrows with freedom the beauties of the old masters, and taking a face from Guido—a figure from Raphael—a back ground from Poussin—a drapery from Titian, mingles them into one beautiful whole. This may be just, and is equally laudatory with what Cowley said of the learned Ben Jonson:—

*'To him no author was unknown
Yet what he writ was all his own.'*

No. 68, 'Moses and Aaron sacrificing,' is too well known to need more than the bare mention of its name. In the inner room, 'The Bard,' is not Gray's 'Bard,' and, we believe, the idea Gray gives will never be embodied. No. 93, calls us to it, because it has a touch of comic, which is about the only piece in which the least beam of humour twinkles. West was not like Reynolds in this; the one had a lively animation and wit in many of his characters, the other preserves the stately severity of virtue throughout. 'Moses receiving the Law,' is a glowing scene, full of dignity and awful grandeur. It is observable, that West makes his angels of the female sex, if we mistake not, as Nos. 105, 118, 121, sufficiently shew: now this must be very wrong, for it has long been decided, that St. Paul's advice to the young women in church, 'That they keep their heads covered, because of the angels,' means because of their male admirers. 'The cave of Despair,' 'Pætus and Arria,' and 'Noah sacrificing,' are all we shall notice further, as proof specimens of the exquisite pencil of West. It has been said by Dryden, that Raphael is like Homer, Titian like Virgil:—

*'Raphael like Homer's is the nobler part,
But Titian's painting looks like Virgil's art.'*

If West be compared to any poet, Milton will the best exemplify the peculiar severity and grandeur of this painter's genius. History and Scripture he delights in like Milton, and the awful grandeur of the divinity or the

placid agony of Christ, is what he describes best: in comedy, he never bathes his pencil; and landscape and rustic scenery he appears stiffly to imagine: he is at home in depicting the terrors of death, or the fury of a battle, and likes better the rugged precipice than the sunny glade.

R.
MR. HAYDON AND HIS PICTURES.

THE public will learn, with regret, that Mr. Haydon is in embarrassed circumstances, and after devoting nineteen years to historical painting, and to the collection of casts, busts, and pictures, the whole have been swept away under process of law, and though they have been sold, they have not produced sufficient to relieve him from his difficulties. The large picture, 'The Raising of Lazarus,' sold for no more than 350*l.* which was not much more than double the value of its massive gilt frame. His other historical picture, 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem,' fetched only 220*l.*, and was purchased by Mr. Mayor, formerly a pupil of Mr. Haydon.

On Wednesday, Mr. Brougham presented a petition, from Mr. Haydon, to the House of Commons, stating the circumstances of his case, not praying for relief, but calling on the house to afford that protection and encouragement to historical painting, that might promote its advancement, and enable its professors to reap the reward of their labours. The petition was ordered to be printed.

GARRICK'S PICTURES.

WE scarcely ever knew a season in which so many collections of valuable pictures came to the hammer, as during the present year; and to those we have already recorded, we have now to add, Mr. Garrick's collection, which were sold, on Monday, by Mr. Christie. Garrick's taste was unquestionable, and most of the domestic pictures were painted under his immediate superintendence and direction. The pictures, which were 71 in number, produced nearly 4000*l.* The lot which excited the greatest interest, during the sale, was the celebrated set of election pictures, four in number, by Hogarth. The subjects are, 'the Canvass,'—'the Poll,'—'the Chaining,' and 'the Election Feast.' The first bidding for the set was 500 guineas: the price advanced to 1,650 guineas, at which price they were purchased by Mr. Soane.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE two winter theatres are on the point of closing, though we are sorry to say, winter does not seem inclined to

resign its sway, for we are actually writing this notice by the side of a good fire at Midsummer.—At Drury Lane, Mr. Kean and Mr. Young, with great kindness, have, for the benefit of their brethren and sisters of the sock and buskin, appeared in those two five act melodramas, miscalled tragedies—Monk Lewis's *Adelgitha*, and Nat. Lee's *Alexander the Great*. In the latter, which certainly contains some dignified language, Mr. Kean's Alexander, and Young's Clytus, were excellent; and the Statira of Mrs. W. West, the Roxana of Mrs. Glover, and the Lysimachus of Mr. Cooper, possessed considerable merit. But *Alexander the Great* is, to all intents and purposes, a melodrama, and, with Bucephalus and a few elephants, would make a gorgeous spectacle.

At Covent Garden some old favourites have been revived for the benefits, and afterwards repeated on open nights, among these is the *Forest of Bondy*, in which Mrs. Vining plays the dumb hero admirably; her appropriate and expressive action, fascinating manners, and graceful person, gave an unusual interest to the piece, which was well supported by Miss Foote, Mrs. Davenport, Mr. Meadows, and Mr. Abbot, but the change in the personage of the slim owner of the dog for Mr. Farley, was a clumsy contrivance, and might surely have been avoided.

At the Haymarket, some good sterling comedies have been played to indifferent houses.

The manager of the English Opera House has all his forces arrayed and a clear field for a vigorous campaign. Considerable improvements and embellishments have taken place, and more are in contemplation.

Literature and Science.

Sir John Sinclair is engaged in the arduous task of analysing the 'Statistical Account of Scotland,' with a view of extracting out of it the most material facts and observations relative to the population, climate, agriculture, commerce, education, &c. of that country.

The King's Library.—It is very rarely that the proceedings of the legislature come under our cognizance, though such is the case this week in two instances. On Friday, the 20th inst., the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed that a sum of 40,000*l.* should be granted for a new building for the king's library, and that such building should form part of the plan of the British Museum. Mr. Hobhouse, recommending that the king's library should be kept separate, suggested the Banqueting Hall at

Whitehall as a proper place, and which could be fitted up at 5000*l.*, or, in case of that not being agreed to, he would suggest the Mews. Sir C. Long observed on the incompleteness of the present library at the British Museum, which we know to be particularly deficient in geography and belles lettres,—branches in which the king's library is very complete. Sir James Mackintosh wished to have the new building in the Green Park. Had the honourable member stated that such a measure would have forwarded his long-promised history of England, the House might, perhaps, have agreed to it. Mr. Croker, in a speech which displayed much satirical humour, ridiculed the management of the British Museum, and did not wish the House to pledge itself where the new building should be erected. Several other members spoke on the subject, and the House divided, 54 for the motion and 30 against it.

Royal Society of Literature.—Perhaps some of our readers may have heard that, about two years ago, certain individuals, having represented to the king that the number of seditious and blasphemous publications was owing to literary men not receiving sufficient encouragement to be loyal and religious, his majesty liberally offered 1000 guineas a-year for ten associates in a new institution, which the projectors called the Royal Society of Literature. The proceedings of a Turkish Divan were scarcely less secret than those of this new society.—At length premiums of 100 guineas each were offered for a prize-poem on Dartmoor! and an essay on Homer!—subjects which said much for the good sense of the projectors. One poem, at least, was, we believe, written on the subject, and if the only one (which is more than probable) it was of course the best, and to it was awarded the premium—though it has not been published. Another year has elapsed, and the first public meeting has been held. The Bishop of St. David's, the president, read a discourse, stating his majesty's sanction of the society, and the nature of its objects, which will not embrace questions of theology, nor astronomy, nor mathematics, nor chemistry, nor natural history, nor music, nor painting, nor any questions peculiarly and specially professional. What then, our readers will ask, are the objects of this royal society? The venerable bishop shall answer: They are—historical doubts and difficulties, unexplored portions of geography, especially of Greece and Palestine, the theory of grammar, and illustrations of the poets, from Chaucer to Milton.—The appointment of vice-presidents and council followed, but the list does not embrace a single name of literary eminence, although a gentleman, who is one of the council, modestly calls them 'distinguished individuals.' Happy, indeed, should we be to see literature promoted; but it is not to be done by exclusive societies, which, if not jobs at the commencement, invariably become so; nor does the Royal Society of Literature give promise of an exception from the general character of such institutions.

Fourth Centenary of Printing.—The municipality of the city of Haarlem has just decreed, that the fourth centenary fete for the invention of printing, shall be celebrated in that city, on the 10th July next; that, on this occasion, there shall be a solemn inauguration of the monument raised in the wood of Haarlem, to the honour of Lawrence Koster, who was the first that printed with moveable characters. This fact is contested by several writers, but the greater part have treated this subject with too little attention.

Deputies are to assemble at this fete from all the academies and societies of the kingdom. The printers and booksellers of Philadelphia lately met for the purpose of appointing some deputies to offer the homage of the Americans at the foot of a monument which is to immortalize the memory of a man to whom literature and the sciences owe their principal progress and perfection. The usual discourse will be pronounced by the celebrated professor Vander Palm.

The Bee.

Swedish Anacreontic.

Let us drink and merry be
Laughing, singing, dancing:
Who so blithe, so gay as we,
Now the night's advancing?

All our daily labour done,
Set the cans a-clinking:
Fill and swill, till morning sun
Calls us from our drinking!

When the Parliament, in 1645, began to sell the king's pictures, at York House, they passed the following votes:—'Ordered, That all such pictures and statues at York House as are without any superstition shall be forthwith sold, for the benefit of Ireland and the North. Ordered, That all such pictures there as have the representation of the second person in Trinity upon them shall be forthwith burned. Ordered, That all such pictures there as have the representation of the Virgin Mary upon them shall be forthwith burned.' About the same period, one Bleese was hired, for half-a-crown a day, to break the painted glass windows of the church of Croydon. The man, probably, took care not to be too expeditious in the work of destruction.

The Orkneys in Pawn.—'A curious circumstance,' says Dr. Clarke, 'was mentioned to us in Norway, by Bernard Anker, of Christiana. * * * He told us that Great Britain holds the Orkney Islands only in pawn. Looking over some old deeds and records belonging to the Danish crown at Copenhagen, Mr. Anker found that these islands were consigned to England in lieu of a dowry for a Danish princess married to one of our English kings, upon condition that these islands should be restored to Denmark whenever the debt, for which they were pledged, should be discharged. Therefore, as the price of land, and value of money, have undergone such considerable alteration since this happened, it is in the power of Denmark, for a very small sum, to claim possession of the Orkneys.'

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE reviews of Dr. Tilloch's valuable 'Dissertation on the Apocalypse'; 'May you Like It'; and 'The Duke of Mantua'; and the conclusion of the 'Mechanic's Journal,' are unavoidably deferred to our next.

'Shakespeare's Shade' shall appear to all our readers on Saturday next, when we shall give a poem by Dr. Franklin, not inserted in his works.

Errata, p. 392, col. 1, l. 10, for 'could' read 'would,' ditto, col. 2, l. 32, for 'cannot only' read 'can not only.'

TO BOOKSELLERS, NEWSMEN, &c.

WE beg leave, respectfully, to inform the Newsmen, Booksellers, and the Public in general, that the business of *The Literary Chronicle* requiring that it should have a distinct office, it will, next Saturday, be published by DAVIDSON, at *The Literary Chronicle Office*, No. 2, SURREY STREET, one door from the STRAND.

The Monthly Part for June and the second Quarterly Part for the present year, are now ready.

TO THE PUBLIC.

IN announcing to the Public that *The Literary Chronicle* will, in future, be published at No. 2, SURREY STREET, STRAND, in an office appropriated exclusively to the purpose, we beg leave to state, that arrangements of another and a more important nature have not been neglected. Encouraged by the liberal and rapidly-increasing patronage with which, during a period of more than four years, *The Literary Chronicle* has been honoured, we have been stimulated to new efforts for its improvement. Our arrangements on this point are not completed, nor, were that the case, would it be congenial, either to our disposition or our plan, to speak of them ostentatiously; we prefer that they should be left to develop themselves, and that by their fruits the public should know them. We may, however, observe, that an accession of literary strength has been obtained, and that no exertions will be spared to render *The Literary Chronicle* an epitome of the literature and science of the day, and a faithful and valuable record for times yet to come.

We, this week, present our readers with the first of a series of sketches from Spain, a country rendered peculiarly interesting by passing events; and, in early numbers, we shall give some curious historical and unpublished letters, (copied from the MSS. in the King's Library at Paris, the British Museum, and other depositories,) comparatively little known.

DODSLEY'S ANNUAL REGISTER.

THE SUBSCRIBERS to this Work, and the Public, are respectfully informed, that the Volume for 1822, price 16s. will be published on Monday, July 7.

JAMES'S NAVAL HISTORY OF BRITAIN.

IN COMPLIANCE with the wish of many Subscribers, Mr. James has determined to publish the First Volume of the Second Part of his Work immediately. It will be ready for delivery on the First of July. Price 14s. The remainder of the Work, with the Tables, is in great forwardness.

London: published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

THE COMMITTEE for CONDUCTING the 39th and 40th EXAMINATION of Mr. JOHN MATHESON'S PUPILS, 75, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, respectfully announce the EXAMINATION will commence at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand, on TUESDAY and FRIDAY, July 1 and 4, at Six o'clock, P. M. Doors will be opened at Five o'clock.

Signed by order of the Committee, June, 1823,
W. POWE, Secretary.

For tickets and further particulars, apply at the Academy.

NEW WORK BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.
In foolscap, price 3s.

HAZELWOOD HALL: a Drama, in Three Acts. By ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

London: printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. Also, new Editions of the former Works, by the same Author, viz.

MAY DAY with the MUSES, 2nd Edition, price 4s.

The FARMER'S BOY, 14th Edition, price 4s.

RURAL TALES, 9th Edition, price 4s.

WILD FLOWERS, 6th Edition, price 4s. 6d.

On the 5th July, by W. SIMPKIN & R. MARSHALL.

1. POPULAR TALES and ROMANCES of the Northern Nations.

3 vols. small 8vo.

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Forty Engravings, and 960 closely-printed columns, for 5s. 6d.—This day is published, the First Volume of

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AMUSEMENT, and INSTRUCTION, containing the Spirit of the Public Journals, Choice Extracts from the newest and most expensive works, useful domestic Hints, the Wit of the Day. This volume is complete in itself, and has engraved Title, Preface, Index, &c.

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Printed and published by J. Limbird, 355, Strand, London; and sold by all Booksellers.

BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON and

SPORTING CHRONICLE is the only Sporting Paper published, price Sevenpence. In every variety of News it is unequalled, and it is without a rival in original and amusing Sketches of Society, Political Jeu d'Esprits, and Humorous Poetry; while, for its manly exposure of the Vices and Follies of the Town, and its independent and consistent tone in Politics, it is peculiarly entitled to the regard of every British Subject. The rapidly increasing Sale of this Newspaper (now nearly 4000 every Week) having been doubted by some parties, the Conductors have thought proper that its real Sale should be attested by the following AFFIDAVIT.

'We, the undersigned, do hereby voluntarily declare upon oath, that the Number printed and bona-fide Weekly Sale of 'Bell's Life in London and Sporting Chronicle' Newspaper is, at the present time, between Three and Four Thousand, in witness whereof, our Signatures are hereunder annexed, ROBERT BELL, WM. CHAMBERS.'

'Sworn before me at the Mansion House, London, W. Heygate, Mayor.'

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